## As Told by a Human Wreck.

Louis H. Doyle's Failure to Find Work Drives Him to Despair.

He Becomes a Drunken Tramp and Winds Up in a Stale Beer

CAME EAST TO BETTER HIMSELF.

Thought Work Was Plentiful in This Big City, but Realized, When Too Late, His Mistake-His Wife and Child Abandoned.

A man has been lost on the reefs of New York. The wreck of him, drunken, de-spondent, ragged, lies in the rear of a dingy stale beer dive at No. 7 Park street. It is only five weeks ago that this wreck came to New York City a full-blooded, hopeful, ambitious man. Now there is neither hope nor ambition left. He is simply a bum, with no idea except to get the rice of a drink and a bit of miserable od, with the privilege of keeping the l cellar as a place in which to hide

ls Louis H. Doyle, late of Dubuque, He worked as a carpenter there, eclded to come East to better him-He found in New York only despair gradation. Day after day he hunted tly, zenlously for work. He found and gradually drifted into his present

a reporter of the Journal, Doyle yesy told the story of his struggle in the busy, teeming metropolis. How he sunk, step by step, rendered desperate by his inability to find something to do, makes a story that has a moral some-where, but Doyle is no longer in a condition to care for the moral, or to point it

Somewhere in Dubuque there is a little woman and a tiny girl waiting for the bum to come back to them, or to write to them that they may come to him-that is, unless they have starved to death ere this, though perhaps Dubuque is more merciful in this respect than New York, and kind neighbors may have helped to keep this wife and child from death by hunger. Doyle was sober yesterday, pitifally sober. For him there is now no happiness except in alcohol, for alcohol rings oblivion, and oblivion resplite from pangs of conscience and a haunting de-ir. When the fumes of alcohol evapor-he realizes that he is a hopeless wreck whom the future holds nothing, and

THE EVOLUTION OF AN Greater New York



HE ARRIVAL





FIFTH WEEK.



of the Future.

Ex-Governor Flower Tells What Coming Years Have in Store.

Concentration to Be the Keynote of the Music of Progress's March.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE IS DOOMED.

Prices of Breadstuffs and Other Commodi ties to Be Greatly Reduced-Solution of the Transportation Problem.

Ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower has powerful spectacles when he chooses to look into the future.

"The time is in sight," he said, last week, addressing the Lexow committee in favor of a Greater New York, "when we will have 15,000,000 people in this dis-

Again:
"When this country has its proper quota of inhabitants, on the basis of the other countries of the world, the Greater New York which it is proposed to create now will have a population of 27,000,000,

What then will New York-the Greater New York-be like? What will the ordinary life, the ordinary

street scenes, resemble? The ex-Governor looked through his spectacles. And they are not the spectacles of a visionary, with all their power, but those of a hard-headed man of business. More exacting test yet, they are the spectacles of a man who owns millions of dollars and controls more millions.

"We of to-day will look very puny in the

EX-GOV. FLOWER PRE- Miracles Wrought



"We of to-day will look very puny."



'Twenty-five years will see us far, very far, advanced.'

NEW YORK'S LOURDES.



Sister St. Joseph, Mother Superior.



The Magic Bottle of Holy Oil.



by St. Anne.

Gentle Sister St. Joseph Tells of the Marvels She Has Seen.

If Faith Truly Exists, She Says, the Afflicted Will Always Be Cured

VIRTUES OF THE HOLY OIL.

The Blessing of Heaven and the Curative Properties of the Oil Produce the Wondrous Results.

The good Sister St. Joseph presides over the distribution of boly oil at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth street. It is in this church that the relics of St. Anne, mother of Mary, have been exposed for three years, during which time many miracles have been wrought. The hely oil is obtained from the lamp that burns before the surine of St. Anne, to the left of the high altar in St. Jean's. The light never goes out. Day and night a little float burns in the red glass cup held on arms of brass that make the lamp before St. Anne's shrine, The oil that burns in the lamp comes from the olive, and is blessed by the priest before it is put into the lamp. Many miraculous cures have ben made by anointing with

this holy oil. Much has been written of the wonders wrought by kissing the relies of St. Anne. Thousands of pllgrims have come from all parts, and hundreds, it is reported, have gone away well and sound. Before the altar are the crutches of the lame and the sticks of the halt. Strange to say, nothing has heretofore been heard of the cures wrought by the holy oil. Yet it has been carried away in thousands of bottles, and from this and other citles reports

SHE OBJECTS TO THE Tights Are



She Sometimes Wears Skirts.



But She Likes This Costume.



And This.



His Nightmare. Anthony Comstock's War on One

of the Stage's Chief Beauties. Virginia Earle Tells Why He Is Wrong and What

She Thinks. ALL THINGS PURE TO THE PURE.

People Who Are Horrified by the Human Form Should Live in Ice Houses, the Actress Says.

Mr. Anthony Comstock, conservor of the public morality, has seen fit to secure the introduction of a bill at Albany to pro-hibit the wearing of tights, Mr. Com-stock says he is very much scandalized at the way the tight habit is spreading, and as the chief overseer of the people's morals he feels it his bounden duty to check this pernicious falling, which he considers most dreadful. So he has induced Senator Mullin to put in an Anti-Tights bill, and he says that he is certain that this measure will

What has wounded Mr. Comstock's sensibilities particularly is the fact that a number of young ladies have flashed across his vision in Central Park and elsewhere astride of flying bicycles and attired in what they call bloomers, but which he de-clares are nothing more nor less than a form of tights, and a scandalous form at that. So he has gone to the very root of the evil, and has determined to cut the tight, be it called a bloomer or anything else, entirely out of the lives of wicked and deprayed New Yorkers. All the week this advocate of purity has been laboring at the State capital to make sure that his measure may pass without a hitch.

Miss Virginia Earle has worn tights all her life, or that portion of it which she has spent upon the boards. Miss Earle says that Mr. Comstock is what the Scotch sall "an innocent," adding thereto that he is also apparently a hypocrite. And, in her eyes, a stupendous and glaring fraud. Mr. Comstock declares that the tight is a canker worm that gnaws at the vitals of social purity.

social purity.

Miss Earle declares that any person who is made immoral or impure by seeing a lot of pretty girls dressed in tights on the stage ought to be taken out somewhere and buried under a snowbank. If there isn't any snowbank at hand, Miss Earle will consent to the substitution of a swift-flowing and lee-cold river. Chilliness of some kind, Miss Earle insists, is an absolute requisite in the proper dealing with such high-minded people as those who see evil lurking in tights.

Miss Earle is playing the leading role

archangel of social reform weren't burning like red-hot coals while the actress was giving her views, then there is nothing in the old saying.

"Huh," she said, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders, "Comstock makes me slck. I guess he's hard pressed to make some sort of a showing for his salary, else he'd flud something better to do than to go about introducing bills that shall prevent girls from wearing tights on the stage. What's he know about tights anyway?"

"I am sure I don't know, Miss Earle, I never asked him."

"Well, I guess it's precious little. Did he ever wear them?"

"No, I think not: not to my knowledge."

"Well, if he had, he never would be introducing a bill that prohibits them. Tights are artistic, safe from a hygienic standpoint, comfortable. The wearing of them is as harmless as the wearing of a Roman toga from a moral standpoint. What is there, what can there be immoral in the appearance of a woman on the stage in tights? Is there anything more beautiful or purer than the human form? I suppose the thing that would appeal to